

# The Gateway



Greetings of the Season

## Lindskoog Heads Campus Symphony For This Season

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Eser Lipsett; publicity, Gordon Finley and Toby Smith.

As a full symphony orchestra, this organization, which was started last year, is a new venture among campus activities, and already it includes among its members some really keen and brilliant talent. But there is room for new members in all sections, and anyone who can play an instrument, be it strings, woodwind or brass, is promised a truly enjoyable time at the rehearsals, which are held each Wednesday evening, commencing at 7:30 p.m., in Convocation Hall. An alert mathematician has computed that only about one percent of those registered this year have so far signified that they have been trained in the skills

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growing that there must be an undue inclination among our student body for people to hide their light under a bushel when it comes to musical accomplishments, for hasn't Alberta been always well to the fore in the pursuit of the Fine Arts?

### Director Expressed Gratitude

The Evergreen and Gold would like to take this opportunity to thank all those students who took time off to help us by making studio appointments for the students in the Arts, Med and Ed buildings. We would like to thank the four girls' fraternities—the Thetas, Tri Delta, Phi, and D.G.'s—the girls from Pembina who volunteered, and the boys from St. Joe's. A special thanks goes to Don Armstrong for his direction of the job.

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and brought to an end a great piece of music and a very sound performance.

Miss Cameron concluded with the playing of the "Preludes and Postludes" by Stanford.

Mr. Markle in his portion of the evening's program sang three well-voiced songs. Mr. Markle shows an insight into himself which appears to be lacking in many amateur vocalists. Mr. Markle knows his limitations. He does not possess a big voice, but he makes up for this lack in good tone production, excellent diction and an appreciation of what he is singing. This, we feel, is a combination all too rare. Mr. Markle is also able to change moods with facility. The rowdy, half-fellow, "Tankerton Inn" by Howard Fisher, was in marked contrast to the restraint and quiet emotion of Handel's "Silent Worship." Somervell's "The Snowy-Breasted Pearl" presented yet another change in feeling with its more lilting and yet poignant melody.

Miss Irene Lindskoog showed sound musicianship and sensitivity as Mr. Markle's accompanist.

Following Mr. Markle, three violin selections were performed by Mrs. Carmen Sherbeck. Mrs. Sherbeck appeared to be somewhat nervous, which possibly accounts for some of the erratic finger-work and harsh tones which appeared in an otherwise charming performance. Mrs. Sherbeck's offering for the evening consisted of "Adoration" by Borowski, "No. 1 of three concert solos" by Charles Dancla, and Massenet's familiar but somewhat saccharine "Meditation" from "Thais".

Miss Frances Kitchen, as always, came forward with a very able accompaniment.

The evening's concert was concluded by Mr. Lloyd Cooper's presentation of three piano solos by Brahms, Rachmaninoff and de Falla. Mr. Cooper displayed considerable insight in his interpretation of the Brahms "Rhapsody in G Minor." It was marred at times by an injudicious use of pedal and a memory slip which he covered up exceedingly well. By and large, however, it was well done.

"Prelude in G Minor" by Rachmaninoff was given an interesting treatment. A little less rubato in the lovely middle section would perhaps have been advisable, but we found the whole very enjoyable.

Mr. Cooper's final number was de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance" from the Ballet Suite "El Amor Brujo." To this number he brought a certain delicacy not usually used, but he also caught the mystic and primitive mood of this music which is used in the Ballet "to chase away the evil spirits."

Mr. Cooper shows a great deal of talent and considerable temperament—qualities which are necessary for the making of a fine musician. He also has a rather unusual stage manner which sincere musicians may find a little difficult to accept. However, we certainly hope to hear from him again soon. He played to an enthusiastic balcony, which received his efforts with considerable enjoyment. Frankly, so did we.

**NOTICE**  
To all contributors: Will you please sign your name to any copy not necessarily for publication, but for purposes of identification. Any copy that is unsigned will not be published.

**COTC Members To Be Enrolled In Technical Corps**

Direction has now been received from Army Headquarters concerning the enrollment in the Canadian Officers Training Corps of former commissioned members of the Navy, Army and Air Force. The instructions concerning such enrollments are as follows: Students in the Faculties of Applied Science, Medicine, and Dentistry who are holding or have held commissions, or have qualified for commissions in

Non-Technical Corps of the Army (e.g. CIC, and who are willing to revert to the rank of temporary second lieutenant); or Another Service (e.g. RCAF), and who are permitted to resign their commissions and are released from that Service, may be enrolled into the Canadian Officers Training Corps with a view to qualifying in a Technical Corps allied to their University studies.

Students wishing to enroll in the Medical Corps must be already in Medical School, that is, they must have completed pre-Medical studies.

Students in Dentistry will not commence the training programme until their third year at University.

creasingly better thinking, more free and creative expression is essential.

We hope that some good dramatic material will come from this writing project, so that for the rest of the winter season we will be able to produce more and better radio plays. As there are no radio courses here at the University, we must train ourselves by "doing".

The Radio Drama Committee needs plays. In order to give all those interested in radio work a broader training, varied types of scripts are needed. However, these good scripts are beyond the financial means of the Drama Society.

To overcome this situation, the committee is holding a radio play competition. The idea of writing and producing our own material should appeal to those who are interested in radio drama. It will give the students who wish to write for radio a chance to have their work informally criticized. It will present an excellent outlet and medium for expression.

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# THE GATEWAY

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXVII, No. 16.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1946

EIGHT PAGES

# Highest Student Union Budget Passed

## Two Days Notice Required To Get Use Lecture Rooms

Dean John MacDonald, chairman of the time-table committee, wishes to draw the following to the attention of students, in regard to the application for use of University rooms, other than Convocation Hall and Senate Chamber.

Effective Friday, January 3, 1947, student organizations will be required to fill out an application form, which they will obtain from the office of the Dean of Arts and Science (Arts 230), at least two days in advance of the time when the room is required.

No applications for rooms will be received by telephone.

## Wauneitas Lend Upper Room To Library

At a special meeting of the Wauneita Society, held in Med 142 on Monday, December 2, the girls approved the loan of the Upper Wauneita room to the Library until the present congested situation is eased. Miss Sherlock, the librarian, spoke to the girls briefly, outlining the difficulties facing the staff of the library. Working under very crowded conditions in the limited space, the short-handed staff is finding difficulty handling the books now made available to students. The amount of work with the increased registration is taxing the abilities of the library staff to serve the students, and it will reach its peak within the next two years. Miss Sherlock stated, however, that the new Library building would probably be finished by that time and the girls' Wauneita room could be returned.

The unanimous vote in favor of the move was taken following a student discussion. Also under discussion at the meeting were plans for the Wauneita skating party and moccasin dance to be held early in January. This will be another girls'-foot-the-bill affair, and will take place at the Varsity Rink.

## Radio Drama Discussed By Mrs. Gowan

Second and last lecture to students interested in script writing was given by Elsie Park Gowan on Tuesday evening, December 2, in Arts 143. About a dozen students gathered to hear "Writing for Radio" from Mrs. Gowan, well-known Alberta playwright.

In order to give those interested an idea of how to go about writing a radio script, Mrs. Gowan spoke on the fundamentals of radio drama, reading from several well-known radio plays for examples. She was brought to the campus by the Radio Committee of the Drama Society to address radio-interested students, the committee has begun a playwriting competition. Winning plays will be presented over CKUA late in January, with full acknowledgements to the authors. Cash prizes are also being awarded.

Mrs. Gowan's previous address was given on Tuesday, November 19.

## News From The Registrar

There are one or two points about Christmas examinations which should be brought to the attention of all students.

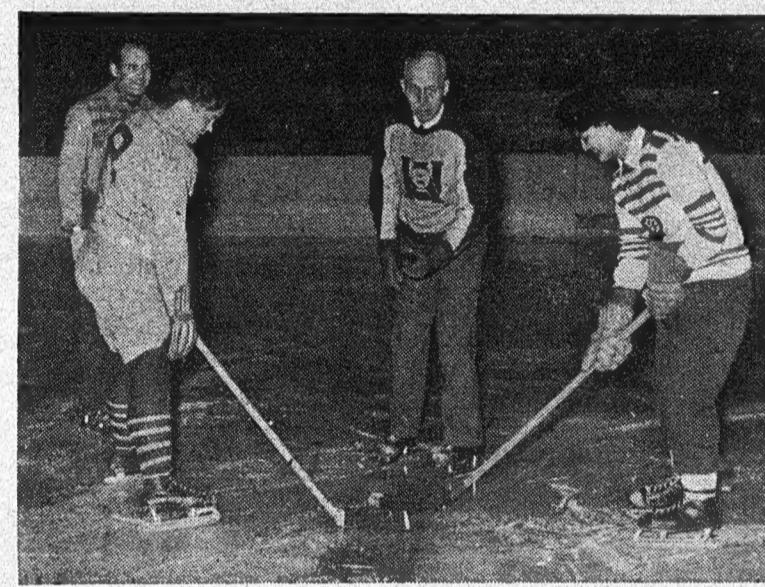
**Timetable**  
This year it has been found necessary to issue several drafts of the timetable for consolidated and final examinations. No one should fail to check his or her own schedule from the last edition. It is not safe to assume that a schedule based on earlier editions will remain unchanged. It is expected that this final draft will appear on the bulletins boards not later than Dec. 9.

**Place of Writing**  
Consolidated term examinations will be held in the Drill Hall, finals in two of the Huts. Students are strongly advised to note the exact time of their examinations and not to arrive more than fifteen minutes ahead of time.

The reason for this suggestion is that the doors to the Hall will not be opened until the previous examination is over; after this a fifteen minute period is allowed during which students may gather in the north end of the Hall. They should take their wraps with them to their seats, as they will be asked to leave promptly by the south doors (there will be no time for post-mortem gossiping!).

**Illness**  
In case of illness a student should not attempt to write an examination. It is, however, highly important that immediate contact be made with the Infirmary so that, after recovery, the absence may be officially excused by an absence card.

## PRESIDENT NEWTON FACES OFF



Pictured above is President Newton facing off in the Co-ed-Faculty hockey game held two weeks ago. From left to right are: Bill Pybus, President Students' Union, Mr. F. McPherson, Civil Engineering Department, President Newton, and Olga Barliko, first year Arts and Science student.

## Return to Pre-War Style

## "Night in Paradise" to Be Motif at Sophomore Dance

Reg Thurber, president of the Sophomore class, announced Thursday that the executive had completed the plans for the annual class dance. Arrangements have been made to hold the affair, on a "Night in Paradise" motif, at the Macdonald Hotel. Using two ballrooms and featuring the Varsity Dance Band and Frank McCleavy's orchestra, guests will dance from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Decorations will be extensive, and there will be novelty dance numbers with prizes of nylons and chocolates. At the intermission, at 10:45, a buffet supper of chicken, rolls, tea, coffee and ice cream will be provided. Dress will be formal for the ladies and optional for the gentlemen.

Tickets, at \$3.50 per couple, are now on sale, in the Arts basement. For the benefit of veteran students it is planned to sell tickets at the D.V.A. pay parade on Tuesday, Dec. 17. Sophomores are urged to get their tickets as early as possible, since it is necessary to inform the Macdonald as to the number of supers required. Sales will be open to seniors, juniors and freshmen at a later date. Plans call for 500 couples to attend.

All arrangements are in the hands of the Sophomore executive, which includes: Hon. Pres. L. A. Thorsen; president, Reg Thurber; vice-president, Mary Doherty; sec-treas., Norm Danforth; and executive members, Helen MacGregor, Bob Thompson and Grant Dunsmore.

In an interview yesterday, Reg Thurber stated that the executive were carrying out the wishes of their class in planning the dance. It had been hoped that it would be held in the Drill Hall, but the present alterations being undertaken by Students' Union and the changes in regulations governing the hall make this impossible. However, it is intended, "in accordance with popular opinion, to return to the pre-war standard of grand affairs, which the students will remember as the highlight of their Sophomore year."

**Helicopters Are Discussed By Aero Engineer**

A paper on "Helicopters" was presented by Mr. K. Korsak, chief engineer at Northwest Industries Ltd., at a meeting of the Math and Physics Club, held in Arts 111, on Wednesday, December 11.

Mr. Korsak received his training at the Institute of Technology and Art of Warsaw. After graduating in 1936, he held the post of assistant there till the German invasion in 1939. During the invasion he escaped to Rumania, then to France, and finally to England. In England, Mr. Korsak was employed by the De Havilland Aircraft Corp., and later came to Canada with the same company. Before taking his present position in Edmonton he was an engineer for Victory Aircraft Corp.

## DR KOO TO BE HEARD AGAIN

A transcription of Dr. Koo's flute solos, with an introduction of each selection by Dr. Koo himself, will be heard twice within the next week over Edmonton stations. These transcriptions were made here in Edmonton on Dr. Koo's recent visit. They will be heard as follows:

CJCA, Sunday, December 15, between 9:00 and 9:30 a.m., "Christian Faith Broadcast."

CKUA, Monday, December 16, between 7:00 and 8:00 p.m., "Music Hour."

## Potential McGoun Debaters Chosen At Monday Meet

Try-outs for the Alberta McGoun Cup team were held Monday evening in the Arts Building. Though no definite decisions as to who the representatives from this University would be, five candidates were chosen. These will compete again after Christmas with some former debaters from the University, and the final team of four, two for the negative side of the question and two for the positive, will be chosen. Those chosen Monday were J. Bracco, H. Bronson, Gordon Wood, Crawford Ferguson and C. Zytruk. Judges were Prof. Tweedie, assistant professor of extension at the University; Dr. D. B. Scott, Prof. Stewart, and J. E. Gander. Chairman was Neville Lindsay and timekeeper was Lillian Guitard. The McGoun Cup debates will be held Jan. 7, with the subject: "Resolved that allied troops be withdrawn from China and Greece immediately." Alberta will send a team to Saskatchewan, B.C. will go to Manitoba, and Manitoba will come to Alberta this year.

## Year Books Ready To Appear Here Next Week

Good news! Last year's E. and G. is nearing completion. The first copy was bound at a downtown printer's on Wednesday, according to Charles Yackulic, present Assistant Director, and by next Monday there will be 100 copies bound. Approximately 100 books will be completed each successive day, but due to the pressure of exams the present directorate has not yet decided how the books will be distributed individually.

However, copies will be left at many of the more important offices on the campus for general perusal—at the E. & G., the Library, and the Students' Union office. An effort may be made to distribute the books next week, or the entire distribution may be held over until after the New Year.

There are slightly over 2,000 year books.

### January Class Book

According to Norman Danforth, Director of the January Class Yearbook, the January books will be ready for distribution some time next week. Particulars of their distribution will be posted about the campus.

The book consists of 64 pages, and includes activities of the January class after the end of the regular session in April. It covers the activities of the 450 students registered in the special session. Phil Campbell was Editor, with Mildred Campbell, Assistant Editor, and Bert Ellison, Photographer.

The Junior class and their executives are to be congratulated on their success in making the evening a pleasant one.

## IRC Presents Films On Modern Social Conditions

The theme of the International Relations Club's film presentations last Thursday evening was that the future will be the result of the present. Two films were shown, both of which illustrated how and why the past should move us to strive for a better future.

The picture "A Diary for Timothy" is a contribution by British film makers. It is the portrayal of a diary which an army officer wrote on the first four months of his son's life on earth.

The film illustrated the fact that the citizens of the world should be prepared to insure that Timothy and millions like him should not be faced with the possibility of loss of security.

The other film, "It Happened in Springfield," is an American picture of an experiment in international living in the community of Springfield. The U.S.A. is a most cosmopolitan country. Yet, even though there has been a blending of all the different peoples under one government, nevertheless there does exist much ignorance amongst the masses.

Racial discrimination seems to be on the increase, and very little seems to have been done about it, but the educators and the people in Springfield are hitting back at all this ignorance with a plan.

## McNally Speech On CBC Network

Bill Lindsay, Publicity Manager of the International Relations Club, announces receipt of a telegram from Dr. F. G. McNally, Chancellor of the University of Alberta, and Canadian delegate to the Paris Conference of the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization, accepting its invitation to address the organization on his recent trip. Dr. McNally will address the students in Convocation Hall the first week of January, during Canada Citizenship Week. He will be introduced by President Newton, and his address will be broadcast over the National network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

### NOTICE

The last day of lectures will be next Monday, December 16. There will be no lectures after Monday, for the Christmas examination week.

The University is officially closed on Saturday, December 21, for the Christmas holidays. Lecture recommendations after the New Year on Friday, January 3.

## Student Veterans Pay Day

CURMA President Dave Bell announced on Thursday that the CURMA executive has arranged with DVA to hold the December pay parade for student veterans on Tuesday, December 17, rather than on December 20, as previously announced. The parade will be held in Convocation Hall from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

## Con Hall Filled as Brennagh Reveals Details to Students

The highest budget in U. of A. history was passed at the 1946-47 Students' Union budget meeting in Convocation Hall last Saturday morning, December 7. With classes cancelled from 10 to 11 o'clock, over eight hundred students gathered to hear how their money will be spent this year. Income from union fees is a record, \$55,678.75. Of this, \$23,800 is being laid aside as provision for the Evergreen and Gold and Gateway operations, and \$15,600 will constitute this term's contribution towards the Building Fund. It was pointed out at the meeting that student assessment for the fund has been raised from previous years' one dollar per student to four dollars each for 1946-47.

With provisions for expenditures estimated at \$24,808.02, a 25% increase over last year's \$10,869.97, and anticipated income standing at \$15,102.01, it is expected that union books will show a seven thousand dollar surplus, another increase over last year's \$4,409.73.

Most controversial question raised during the meeting was that by Reginald Thurber, president of the Sophomore class, who asked if the 50 cent fee pro Sophomore student could not be levied from the regular \$14.50 Union fee towards a general entertainment fund for the Sophomore class. Since the question involved a change in the constitution, Mr. Thurber changed his motion to one which moved that the matter be brought up before the Students' Council, but student opinion was not with him.

A discussion also arose regarding the budget for the Sophomore dance. At present the anticipated income from the ball, to be held at the Macdonald Hotel, is estimated at \$1,750, while the Sophomore executive has budgeted for an expenditure of \$1,846. Point of debate was why the Union should underwrite the Sophomores for the deficit. Students' Union executive felt that for such a ball as is being planned, with two ballrooms and orchestras, and chicken suppers for those in attendance, the small deficit as compared with the present lush student income is practically negligible.

Although all expenditures have risen this year, some campus organizations have benefited particularly from this budget, especially worthy cultural groups such as the Literary Association General (from \$35.00 to \$147.50), Musical Association General (\$15.00 to \$405.00), the Symphony Orchestra (from last year's \$137.84 to \$400.00 for 1946-47), the Public Speaking Club (from last year's expenditure of \$2.70 to provision this year of \$125.00), and the International Relations Club (\$10.00 to \$202.00).

The Alarm, newest campus publication, will cost the Union approximately \$200 during this session.

## National Film Society Branch Re-formed At U.

Another step in the return to normal peace-time conditions in Canada was shown in an announcement last week that the Edmonton Branch of the National Film Society is being revived, with headquarters on the University campus. The first public presentation of the society will occur on Monday, December 16, when, in Med 142 there will be a program featuring "Java-Bali Report," in Technicolor, and three shorts, "Out of a Chinese Paint Brush," "Development of the English Town," and "Land of the Incas."

There will be a special showing for students at 4:15 p.m. and another meeting at 8:15. The later show is open to students also, but the afternoon performance is added as a special convenience.

In pre-war years there was a large student membership in the society, and it is hoped that this season will see a similar interest. There will be at least five meetings before the end of the second semester. Students who wish to join the Film Society may register and pay the \$2.00 fee at the Division of Visual Instruction office in the Department of Extension section of the South Lab. Registrations will be accepted at both meetings on Monday, but it is suggested that it would be more convenient for all concerned if they were made beforehand.

Tubby Mumford and his music swept the dancers through the evening, while Mr. Gregory Fulton interpolated with "Bracks". Suave Bob Lyons, cabinet chief of the Roosevelt, took personal interest in his literary guests, and featured his song "For nice people".

At one, "Zigeuner", the Mumford theme, announced dancing over. Tired newsmen and their escorts retired to their travois for the return home.

## Carol Service To Be Rebroadcast

The University Carol Service which was held on Thursday, Dec. 12th, will be heard by transcription over CJCA on Sunday, Dec. 15th, between 9:00 and 10:00 p.m. CJCA have made special arrangements with the CBC whereby this service can be carried at the hour mentioned. Those who could not be present at the Carol Service should enjoy the transcription.

### NOTICE

All non-resident students who are spending the Christmas vacation in Edmonton are cordially invited to have Christmas dinner in Athabasca Hall. If you can attend, please notify Mrs. Jack Jorgens, dietitian, before Friday, Dec. 20.

### LOST

On December 11, one square-faced gold ring, bearing the Air Force crest, in Hut B or between there and Arts 135. Sentimental value among other things. Please return to G. C. Murray, c/o Gateway office.

## THE GATEWAY



Published bi-weekly throughout the College Year under the authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

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## SEASON'S GREETINGS

Christmas, 1946. For twelve long months each year we struggle in little personal tasks. We are alternately satisfied and dissatisfied with our work. We become uplifted or disheartened as life takes its ups and downs.

Then Christmas comes. Cares are forgotten. For Christmas is the one time of year when the hearts of all men become mellowed. We have a generous feeling of good-will toward our fellow men, a feeling which is sincere, even if only temporary.

The sobering atmosphere of religion is also in the air. For Christmas commemorates the birthday of Christ, the Son of our Lord. Heartily, we greet others and are greeted with the words, "Merry Christmas." And we mean it!

## REGISTRAR'S NOTICES

In future, messages from the Registrar's office will appear more or less regularly on the front page of The Gateway. With the large number of students on the campus, Registrar G. B. Taylor finds liaison between his office and the students rather difficult to maintain, and for this reason Mr. Taylor plans on issuing news from his office for publications.

In the present issue, Mr. Taylor has drawn attention to the fact that students should not write examinations if they are ill. To many students, this may be something new; similarly, with do's and don'ts which Mr. Taylor draws to the attention of the student body, in relation to the Christmas tests.

The present arrangement should prove satisfactory to all concerned.

News and Views  
From Other U's

KINGSTON, Ont. (CUP)—An anonymous donor has made a gift of \$100,000 to Queen's University, to be known as the Chancellor Dunning Trust. The letter accompanying the announcement says that it is to be "a permanent tribute to the chancellor, Hon. Charles A. Dunning, in the hope that a life of public service will help future students to do their best in service to humanity."

The donor's letter is to be re-read by the trustees of Queen's University every three years. They will then decide, in the light of existing conditions, how best the income from the fund may be employed to "promote understanding and appreciation of the supreme importance of the dignity, freedom and responsibility of the individual person in human society."

The donor also requested that the terms of the trust be published in the Queen's Journal, together with the decision of the trustees.

Careful thought will be given to the employment of the interest from the trust, stated Principal R. C. Wallace, and the trustees will endeavor to subserve the wishes of the donor. The board will decide what use the fund is to be put to at its regular meeting in May.

Canadian Youth  
And Political Opinion

By ERNIE NIX

In Yugoslavia this summer, nationalistic youth were donating their vacations and their labor without wages to rebuild a section of railroad—a contribution to their country's welfare; in Brazil a student-led political party unseated the national government and assumed power; in Cuba, students at the University of Havana formed a "University Committee for the Independence of Puerto Rico," their Latin American neighbor. These three are selected at random from among many similar incidents across the globe as examples of youth taking an active part in political affairs.

Can anything comparable be found in Canada today? The Canadian Youth Commission, now issuing its reports after an extensive survey of youth interests, has no report on the subject. The youth sections of the political parties in the country cannot be said to be flourishing. A contributor to the "letters to the Editor" column to The Gateway, writes this fall to ask what is the matter with the Political Science Club. And well he might. He had evidently been on the campus during one previous year when the Political Science Club was an active and important organization. That was the year, I believe, when the club was enterprise enough to bring some of the national leaders of various parties to address campus meetings. (Towards the end of that same year, however, the meetings dwindled down until, when a speaker was brought who was concerned in local politics, there were six students in the audience, one of whom was myself.)

All this suggests that politics is not one of the dominant interests of Canadian youth. A few comparisons may be useful. Canadian youth leaders have similar experiences when they go abroad. In Great Britain they are likely to find that their contemporaries and counterparts in British youth organizations are incomparably better informed than they about prevailing currents of thought and vital issues of the day.

In conversations in Europe with youth leaders there, I remarked that, generally, Canadian youth were not much interested in politics in any active sense. Further, that such an interest seemed desirable, and that one of our major problems over here was to find ways and means of arousing it. The Europeans replied that their problem was precisely the opposite: they had great difficulty in keeping any of their youth groups, of whatever nature, from somehow becoming political. In France, a political hot-bed, youth organizations of very diverse political stripe have been working together more or less successfully for years. Their present national co-ordinating council (for which we have no counterpart in Canada as yet) is called l'Union Patriotique de la Jeunesse. Yet in Canada, when something similar was attempted in the old Canadian Youth Congress back in the '30's, it soon broke up because the more conservative groups feared (rightly or wrongly) that the leftist and more aggressive groups were seeking to dominate the body. As Dr. Koo might say, their hearts were not beating in unison.

It would be interesting to try to find some true explanation for this phenomenon: that in Canada, youth generally are poorly informed and little interested in politics, while in most other parts of the world youth are very definitely interested, take an active part in the politics of their countries, and indeed, on occasion, are interested enough to risk getting their heads broken for a cause.

My own explanation, for what it is worth, follows.

It would seem to me that political life in this part of the world has been for at least the past fifty years in what might be described as stable equilibrium. The main problems have been those confronting a pioneer community: the building of roads and farmsteads, of railroads and our internal economy generally. We have inherited a system of government from our forebears (for the evolution of which they paid, not we). The system has suited our simple requirements admirably, at least until recently. No portion of the population was particularly oppressed by it, and unless some major catastrophe occurred, most people seemed content to leave well enough alone.

Political thinking was thus not to the fore. Children did not grow up in an atmosphere where political questions were being hotly discussed, and where there was violent partisanship. This is our heritage. This condition of "stable equilibrium" in politics is not unlike the botanical equilibrium which had existed on our prairies—the prairie grass—for centuries before the white man came.

What are the implications of this? Simply, that we, as youth in Canada today, are not accustomed to thinking in political terms. When we think of progress, we do not think of it as being achieved primarily by dint of political action; rather, it is in terms of individual and group effort, in much the same way as our forefathers overcame the physical problems of the pioneer community. Contrast this with the European picture: the people are faced with marginal economic conditions; with over-population; with old national feuds. The government seems all-important, for on it their welfare very largely depends. Nor has their political evolution been a peaceful one, as ours has. Politics is still a live question, hotly debated; this is the heritage of their youth, and they are a part of their environment, as we are of ours.

MONTREAL, Que. (CUP)—The assumption that the average student, so intent on education, is often apt to neglect the religious side of life entirely, has prompted McGill to institute an Interfaith Council which will sponsor a series of lectures entitled "Religion in Life."

Lecturers and subjects will be chosen with a view to cover every aspect of religion which is felt should be an integral part of a student's outlook.

"Religion and the Individual" will be discussed by Dr. Herbert S. Meekel, with special emphasis on the problems of agnosticism and atheism. Other speakers will lecture on such topics as "Religion in the University," "Religion in World Affairs" and "Religion in the Community." Meetings will be followed by discussions in which students are invited to question points raised in the discussion and express their own religious philosophies on different relevant topics.

The lectures will take the form of a symposium, each unit distinct in itself, and all combining to form a larger unity.

There is an acute teacher shortage, but I do not believe that many

## Letters to the Editor

## INVITATION TO READ

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir:

Concerning Mr. Dawson's shocked appeal for a saner moral outlook in the world today: has this gentleman attended a Freshman smoker lately? or even a quiet bull-session at St. Joe's? I assure him that life, like an automobile, is racing by in a cloud of dirt, but the beauty of neither can be obscured to a mature mind.

Mr. D. is worried about the "excessive use of bad language" in the play, "Waiting for Lefty." I assure you by this that one "damn," one "hell," and one "son-of-a-bitch" would have been permissible. If these can be said once, they can be repeated a thousand times, growing less strong with each repetition. The scene, after all, was set at a taxi-drivers' strike meeting.

Has our delicate friend, read Shakespeare lately? If he is offended by an occasional reference to "whores" and "laying," I suggest he stay far removed from the work of the immortal bard. I hope I am not name calling when I say I find more vulgarity in a mind that can isolate such terms when so much beauty is in attendance. If you can't stand the facts of life then, for God's sake, either do something about it, something effectual, or "get them to a monastery" (to misquote).

Should these facts be displayed so "disingenuously"? Did our budding young drama critic notice that the author was asking in the most violent manner why this degradation of the human race is necessary?

"The example set, as a precedent, should not be followed." I can assure our fog-bound idealist that this play is not the first, and certainly not the last, of its type; it has been the impetus of a movement that is purging the theatre. The advocates of this movement are greater thinkers with higher moral standards than Mr. Dawson.

I am afraid our young crusader could not "appreciate the obvious from every day experiences." Did he notice the excellent acting, special effects and directing?

"Civilization has come a long way from barbarism," I doubt in many respects, but that it "is seeking perfection" I agree with. This play is proof of that restless, seeking spirit. The vulgarity in this play was by no means, nor was it meant to be "sophisticated." This play portrays an unfortunate phase of life which must be corrected, and in my estimation the author deals very lightly with it.

I invite Mr. D. to read "Waiting for Lefty." If he is still unable to see the beauty in it, I suggest he be transported to China. He has that missionary zeal. I expected comments on our rash presentation, but comments worthy of so great a play. This puritanical, prejudiced "tempest in a teapot" is hardly worthy of a centre of thought such as a university.

ALWYN P. H. SCOTT.

## PREREQUISITE-ABILITY

Dec. 5, 1946.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir:

Your editorial in the December 3rd edition of The Gateway, entitled "Pay and the A.T.A." and the letter of Mr. Phil Fawcett, so quaintly called "Rebuttal," combine to say, in effect: "Pity the poor school teacher." Believe me, sir, I do. It is, indeed, the poor school teacher who gets all my pity, for there is no need to waste sympathy upon those of that admirable profession who know their job and have the ability to do it.

In time—a very short time compared with that taken by other professional men for the same accomplishment—the teacher with ability will reach a position where, if his wage is not large, it is at least commensurate with the earnings of his neighbors, while his livelihood does not depend upon the vagaries of the market, nor upon his ability to out-guess his competitors. His work is steady, and though his salary may be quoted by the year, he toils little more than nine months to earn it. His job is important, but it is neither uncomfortable nor dangerous, to compare it with Mr. Fawcett's ditch-diggers and carpenters', nor it is worse paid in total annual earnings.

It does not seem logical to expect a larger salary for the man with a Master's degree unless it can be shown that his efficiency in a particular position is increased by the possession of it. To assert that it is, invariably, is nonsense. A "teacher" with a dozen degrees after his name may sit in front of a class and read monotonously from typewritten notes until his particular class is sounded on Gabriel's trumpet, and still never be worth the money he is paid: a lowly "sitter" may have the gift of teaching, and be worth ten times his pittance. For a slave of six years' experience, \$1,800 is very good money, Mr. Fawcett.

There is no argument over the vital need for more and more education, but both Mr. Fawcett and yourself are too eager to drag that fact into the argument over teachers' salaries, where it does not belong. I cannot agree that teachers are "the eyes, ears, brains, and even hearts of every growing boy and girl." Boys and girls with these organs in reasonably good condition may succeed in life more easily with the assistance and understanding of a good teacher, but they may succeed in spite of the booby traps put in their way by the incompetence of poor ones. "We must have good teachers—that means better salaries," you say. Would it not be more logical to approach the idea from the opposite direction? "We want better salaries—that means we must be good teachers." The phrase of Miss Becker's—school teacherish—was both conceived and delivered by school teachers themselves.

There is an acute teacher shortage, but I do not believe that many

Manitoba has political clubs, even a Communist Club. This doesn't seem to have terrified the authorities, and, so far as we can tell, the university is still in healthy existence. Similar clubs exist all across Canada. Why not in Alberta?

So let's have a CCF Club, a Social Credit Club, a Progressive Conservative Club, a Liberal Club, a Communist Club. If the Communists want badly enough to infiltrate our pure and noble university, they will certainly be able to do what they managed in Europe under the most rigorous Nazi persecution. The same goes for whatever was meant by "undesirable elements." Let's not force them to this subterfuge. If they are bad, suppression would only make them worse. If they are good, why persecute them?

The university authorities cannot justify themselves by diverting the CCFU to the Political Science Club, because this is a non-party organization, and the fact remains that this group the CCFU, has been denied freedom of association.

Let's quit trying to solve problems by banning them. Let's have freedom and learn how to use it. Let's give the ideals of social justice and freedom taught in this university a chance to act, and become actualities.

RICHARD ROBINSON,  
GRANT STRATE.

## PROGRESS?

Nov. 29, 1946.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir:

I trust I shall not be accused of unreasoning antagonism toward "modern" architecture when I inquire how the committee could have possibly selected anything so distinguished in design for our new Students' Union Building. Frankly, I'm at a loss to determine what it resembles most—the soap works, a railway depot, or a brick factory.

At any rate, we trust that a large sign will be erected along with it, indicating that it is the new Students' Auditorium and not an addition to the University boiler plant.

Yours truly,

D. H. JARDINE.

## THE CCFU

Editor, The Gateway.

Although this university is presumably democratic, a number of individuals have been forbidden association. On what grounds?

So far as we are informed, it is solely because the association to be formed was political. We refer to the ban on the organization of the CCFU. We prefer not to think that political prejudices held by the restricting authorities against the CCFU are the cause.

Education should make a man more aware of realities and more capable of dealing with them. Politics is certainly one of these realities. The university has had on its curriculum a course in Political Science. So far so good, but that only deals with the less controversial sides of the subject. The decisions that we must make as voters and Canadians are on highly controversial points. It is essential to national welfare that we make our decisions sanely, reasonably, and correctly. If the university can not offer a course which is open to all and which tolerates healthy political controversy, it could at least allow the same freedom to political groups that it has allowed to religious associations such as the SCM, the Newmen Club and the LDS Club, to say nothing of St. Joseph's and St. Stephen's colleges.

If education doesn't fit us to judge the merits of various factions and exercise our freedom wisely, then we are certainly robbed of this illusion which we share with Milton, Voltaire, Lincoln, and even philosophers of our own university. However, while this illusion endures, we ask wholeheartedly that the students on this campus be accorded the same measure of freedom that our laws grant to each and every citizen of this country, regardless of his education, political convictions, or factional affiliations.

German inns used to display signs, "Forbidden to discuss politics and Wagner." Look what happened to Germany. We don't insinuate that that could happen here, but we don't want to give it any encouragement. Other Canadian universities have complete freedom of association.

## R. C. THURBER.

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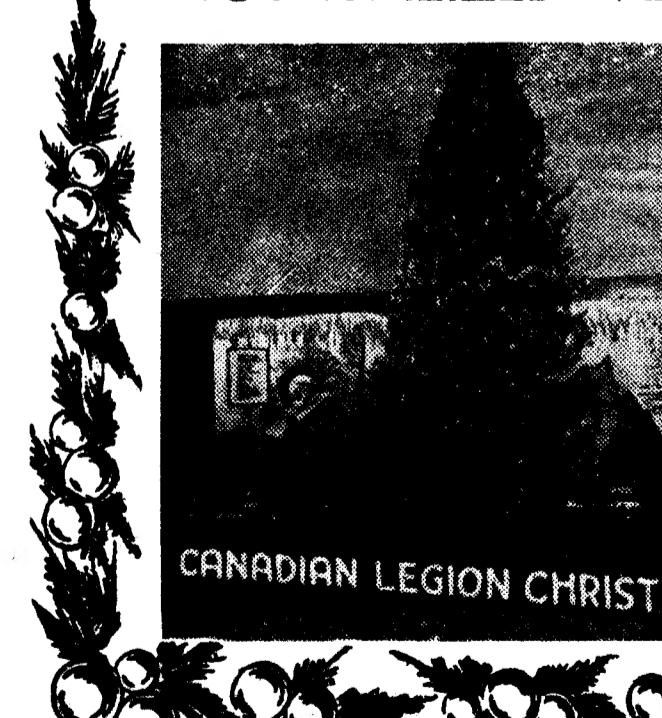
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## LETTER TO STUDENT PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT

On Saturday night, December 7th, about midnight, I parked a "Duck" (or amphibious truck) in front of my home, 11128 90th Ave., as I had intended starting on a trip to the country on Sunday morning as a service trip to break in the new engine.

Between midnight and morning the "Duck" disappeared and was discovered, where it had been abandoned, at the north end of the High Level Bridge on Sunday morning.

## THE GATEWAY

VICTOR . . .



by MacGregor



## HERE 'N THERE

By PHIL ALLEN

A body doesn't know just how secure he is these days. I was reading a couple of letters to the editor that appeared in the recent issues of The Gateway, when all of a sudden a little man whispered in my ear, "It could happen to you!" and I got to thinkin'. So before any of those daggers that have been aimed at the heart of Yehudi go wild, here are a few of the goings-on about the institute of learning. . . .

At last, an honest man has been found! A Math student who for six months has been forced into the ranks of the total abstainers because of the loss of his liquor permit, is now rejoicing over the timely return of that precious document. It appears that the permit had only one punch in it at the time of its disappearance. Although it has seven times that many holes in it now (obviously put to good use by the finder), the generous gentleman has had the common decency to return it in time for our dry Math student

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to look forward to the fast approaching Yuletide, which he will no doubt enjoy with the best of "spirits". . . .

Self-chosen epitaph of the French 2 prof: Here lies the professor who suffered from a severe attack of Conjunction. . . .

Then there's the modest scholar who entered the 8 o'clock French class at 8:30, and said in a meek voice: "I'm a little late, sir." This could quite easily have resulted in another epitaph. . . .

The three Mr. Taylors of the Zoo 2 class are causing some confusion, and the Registrar, Mr. Taylor, is also confused. . . .

In a recent square table conference in the cafeteria, it was decided that the heights of torture would be eating one of those hour salads at the same table as the perfect bore. . . .

Our bright Math 55 student who had worked hours on a problem, was asked the perfectly reasonable question: What did you get for number eleven? He unconsciously (?) answered, "A big mess" and to our surprise the prof. set out to straighten up this mess. . . .

A struggling Russian student, who has seen action on the continent and in the Baltic area, tells of the Russians and their interpretation of the American slang word O.K. It seems they had the bad habit of replying to every question directed at them with the overworked colloquialism, creating much ambiguity amongst our servicemen. Anyway, this was one time when the Russians exercised their O.K.

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## NOMINATIONS

The proposed candidate must be nominated as follows:  
(1) The nominations must be signed by at least twenty members of the E.S.S.  
(2) Nominations must be handed in to the Executive of the E.S.S. not later than January 18, 1947.

## ELECTION

(1) The election campaign for the candidate will be left in charge of her nominators.  
(2) Any posters, pictures or other material which is not considered fit to be shown around the University will be torn down and destroyed promptly. This particularly refers to pictures in bathing suits, etc.  
(3) Campaigning may not start until Wednesday, January 29, 1947, and will continue until Thursday, February 6, 1947. Any violation in this regulation will result in the immediate disqualification of the candidate.  
(4) Candidates are to be introduced personally at a meeting of the E.S.S. to be held on Wednesday evening, February 5, 1947.

## CAMPAIGN

Selection of the Queen will be by ballot, the election date being February 6, 1947, commencing at 8:00 a.m. and finishing at 5 p.m. Ballots will be marked 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., in order of preference.

MACBETH ON THE  
HIGH SCHOOL COMPLEX

Sir.—Apparently in Elizabethan days, University students believed prevention to be better than cure in the field of complex. In 1597, for instance, the students of Cambridge were being unduly downtrodden by the townspeople. Since it was not fashionable at that time to get a complex, as a result of such treatment, the students put on a play entitled "Club Law." The historian Fuller records the incident as follows:

"The young scholars, conceiving themselves somewhat wronged by the townsmen, betook themselves for revenue to their wits. They composed a merry but abusive comedy called Club Law in English, as calculated for the capacities of such whom they intended spectators thereof."

Clare Hall was the place wherein it was acted, and the Mayor with his brethren and their wives were invited to behold it, or rather themselves abused therein. A convenient place was assigned to the townsfolk riveted in with scholars on all sides

where they might see and be seen. Here they did themselves in their own clothes (which the scholars had borrowed), so lively personated their habits, gestures, language, liege jests and expressions, that it was hard to decide which was the true townsman, whether he that sat by or he that acted on the stage. By historical standards the student of today is certainly a spineless mammal. Zoologists have a word for it. They say, "Ahhh . . . Invertebrates!!" (then they call for a microscope).

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# Time Out

with DICK BEDDOES

THE MISSING LINKS

One doesn't have to be a biologist or a follower of Darwin to realize that the missing links in athletics on the Alberta campus are all embodied in the word "showmanship." One of these links was found on a tumbling mat at the Junior Prom last Saturday night. A group of body builders turned in an excellent display that night . . . it is rather tragic that it had to be in the element of a formal dance. A dance crowd does not appreciate such a performance to nearly the extent the basketball fanfare would. The place for the display would have been at the not-too-entertaining-Bears-Cat basketball Friday night . . . or at any sport action in the Drill Hall. As one Prom fan was heard to say in the Arts rotunda this week, "The whole show was good anywhere as an added attraction to a major sporting event, but at a formal dance it was about as sharp as a wet cornflake. Who has all the clues anyway?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Back to the chain of missing links. Who is responsible for the welding of these links into the sporting chain of events? Some critics say the Physical Education department . . . well, they're pretty busy . . . what with Maury Van Vliet coaching the Golden Bear hoop squad among other physical educational jobs, and Richie Hughes tonsil-deep handling P.T., tumbling, et al. How about the U.A.B.? Well, they're in their fledgling year . . . have a lot of wrinkles to iron out . . . evidently no time for doing a point job on Varsity athletics. That leaves the presidents of the various sport clubs . . . particularly those concerned with senior sports. They should be doing something to please John Q. Fan besides giving him such things as paltry basketball or what have you . . . up till now they haven't. The arrangement of a tumbling or fencing display at half-time at a basketball game . . . with appropriate music and spotlights . . . would serve to keep the man who pays through the nose interested. A band to lead the teams onto the floor . . . a college baritone to sing the National Anthem . . . a Golden Bear cub as a mascot . . . a rousing cheer section . . . are but a few of the colorful sidelights that president of basketball, Phil Proctor, could do well to look into.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Sparks from the Anvil:** Sammy Sheekter's Bearcats are crying on the outside this week after absorbing a 58-33 shellacking at the hands of the Golden Bear hoop team last Friday night. Sammy led all comers in everything . . . points made . . . shots attempted . . . fouls committed . . . but his mates, with the exception of Nori Nishio, weren't on the same floor. In spots the game had the class the ballyhoo said it would have . . . but only in spots. The Cat zonal defense flowed and ebbed . . . but would not break . . . until the tragic third quarter, when the Bears settled the issue beyond doubt. As good as the Cat zonal was, there always seemed to be a Bear loose under the hoop.

"Little Boy" Don Blue was anything but that in the Golden Bear cause against their snarling rivals. He racked up 13 . . . and looked good doing it.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THREE DOT STUFF:** Hear the odd beef these times about coverage . . . or lack of it . . . that The Gateway has been giving women's sports this term. . . Well, the swimming mermaids, the archery gals, the ballet queens, the tumbling lasses, and the fencing fens have all been given a fair play by the sheet. . . Basketball will get it when something is more definite besides Saturday afternoon practices . . .

Jim MacRae, Golden Bear basketballer, is coaching the Cubs in the City Junior League . . . the kids lost a heartbreaker to the Central Teens Friday night. . . Gordie McCormack isn't performing with the Van Vliet team now due to suspected cracked ankle. . . No trip to Colorado Springs for the Golden Bear hockeysticks after all. . . Maybe next year. . .

Mr. N. B. Stanners and his works department are waiting for "stringers" before they can construct the bleachers for the Drill Hall. . . The moot question is, how long will the fans "string" along with the Varsity basketball teams if they have to stand up to watch the games? . . . We could be using those bleachers . . . six weeks ago. Shorts Purcell steered the Golden Bears to the top of the Independent Hockey League last week. . . The high-powered offensive owes more than a little of its attacking strength to that natural puck chaser, Vic Kuzyk . . . the guy's got it. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

**MERRY CHRISTMAS:** The present Christmas heralds a new era, an era of sportsmanship between individuals . . . between races . . . between countries. Regardless of the blood and sweat and tears of the last few years, the Star of Bethlehem still shines . . . and the Spirit of Goodwill and Peace is ushering in the New Era. Athletes and athletics will play a splendid role in the "New Era" . . . a role displaying all the really fine things which men have in their power to do. That role will prove the Golden Rule is not dead . . . that "Peace on Earth" is more than just a phrase uttered during the Yuletide. For in athletics a man is always mostly man when his handshake to a winner is genuine and sincere . . . when his handshake to a loser is equally sincere. Truly, fine sports and sportsmen will come in this "New Era" when red-sweatered hockey teams from Russia will glide over Canadian arenas and American baseball teams will pound the old apple in China . . . giving a wider scope to nations . . . a comradeship not seen since the raw, red dawn of life.

A Merry Xmas to all, and to all, a good night!

## Ed II Undefeated EUS Chicks Rule In Interfac Hoopla Hen Loop Roost

### INTERFAC BASKETBALL

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Arts II.	4	1	141	125	8
Arts I.	3	2	145	93	6
Eng. I.	3	2	143	100	6
Ags.	3	2	142	120	6
Dents.	3	2	111	102	6
Comm.	2	3	86	124	4
Ed. I.	1	4	112	136	2
Eng. II.	1	4	105	144	2
Eng. III.	1	4	95	148	2
	0	5	48	210	0

Andreksen of Arts I is high man in the scoring race, with 58 points. Closely following him with 57 points is Plumley of the league-leading Ed. II aggregation.

A schedule for the New Year will be issued shortly after the new term opens.

Pts.

Andreksen, Arts I	58
Plumley, Ed. II	57
Patterson, Eng. I	49
Gilchrist, Meds	48
Armstrong, Arts II	46
R. Spackman, Meds	40
Garden, Meds	40
Lesk, Eng. I	6
Smith, Arts II	36
Watson, Arts II	34

\*Denotes number of games won or lost by default.

### STAYED

One French 40 text, "French Composition and Conversation." Christmas exam on Tuesday. Please help this baffled female by returning it to Mona Daley, University Library (Arts), or Phone 8125.

## Committee Plays Santa Clause To Campus Athletes

The Awards Committee gave out Christmas presents to athletes in the form of crests and trophies last week. The Awards Committee is composed of Dr. P. S. Warren, Prof. Herbie Hewetson, Prof. Maury Van Vliet, Ron Manery, secretary of M.A.B., and Mickey Hajash, president of the M.A.B.

A complete list of awards follows below:

### 1.—CURLING:

Interfaculty type awards granted the following as winners of the Grand Challenge Cup of A. bonspiel:

Ray Hopkins,

W. Lobay,

A. D. Bassett,

J. W. Melnyk.

### 2.—(a) BIG BLOCK "A":

Jack Allen,

Bill Ingram,

Jack Perry,

Terence Lawruk,

Murray Smith,

Rae Sutherland.

### (b) Special Manager's Award:

Recommended by Awards Committee that Gordon Proctor be invited to membership in Big Blue Club.

### (c) 6' A's:

Ken Cox,

K. Fraser,

G. Cragg,

R. Causgrove,

G. McNamee,

H. Hobbs,

E. MacDonald,

K. Moore,

D. McNeely,

G. Retallack,

C. S. W.

K. Torrance,

D. Alkenhead,

R. Berry.

### (d) Bars to 6' A's:

Big Block "A" Stripes:

Mickey Hajash,

Art Follett.

### (f) Trainees Award:

G. Mooney.

### 3.—GOLF AWARDS:

(a) 6' A's for Intercollegiate Championship:

Jim Hogan,

J. Whitlow,

Dr. Broadfoot Trophy and Interfac Crest:

Bill Graves.

### 4.—TENNIS AWARDS:

(a) 6' A's:

G. McLawis,

J. Stott.

### 5.—TRACK AND FIELD AWARDS:

Interfaculty crests: M. Stewart, K. Erdmann, W. Lindsay, S. Fushey, K. Johnson, J. MacRae, D. Boddy, B. Rose, B. Urquhart, E. Berg, Ted Caldwell, Stan Harris, K. Sturck.

### 6' A's:

W. Lupašchuk,

Bob Strother,

J. Johnson,

S. Mackie,

B. Lindsay,

Steve Fushay,

Benny Urquhart,

Karl Erdman,

Jim MacRae,

M. Stewart.

### 6' A's:

A. Lesk,

W. Minlon,

N. St. Rock,

S. Harris,

W. Boddy.

### The Riley Trophy:

Awarded to Nick Lupašchuk in recognition of highest number of points in track competitions.

&lt;/div

## H. P. Sauce

## Quotations

"Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own"—an example of the in-between-lecture co-ed who wants to condense all her own vapor before some practical soul dispels it with a breath of common sense.

"The middle plane of misery is impossible when one's physical state is being alternately plunged into pain and then elevated to the heights of congratulatory normalcy"—an intermittent toothache?

\* \* \*

## Comment 2.

As an antidote for the current surface cynicism, may E. J. Appleton be recommended.

"Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,  
Your soul in her firm white hands,  
Thank well the Gods, when she comes to you,  
The Woman Who Understands."

flashbacks the swearing simply served to focus attention on the swearing, the subject matter was secondary to the anticipation of the next outburst. Later, the repetition served but to dull one to the invective, and so it became a minor characteristic paralleling the confusion and sordid struggle portrayed by the play. In short, "Hit me often enough and I'll string along with you."

\* \* \*

## Comment 1

The proof of a well-known principle was noticed in the Varsity Inter year play, "Waiting for Lefty." The play contained, as its reception indicated, an unusual amount of common and "hush-hush" cuss words. In the initial scenes of

## The Tribe

remember that so is dynamite until you begin fooling with it."

But anon, sweet music was to be heard and fair maidens to be seen, for verily it was the time of the Promade of Jun. And the assemblage was great and the Good God gave blessings on all his worshippers gathered there. They were patient men and had stood in line in order to procure their blessed offerings. And successful indeed was the gathering. The Great God Bacchus was well pleased with his penitent followers. And verily, Scribe overheard the conversation of a polite Engin unto one of the Nomads of Ag. And the Engin whispered, "Buck teeth, cross eyes, bow legs and a skunk lock hair—do, wherever in the land did you find that damsels?"

Replied the Proud Nomad: "She is of Lena Mu Meow, and you don't have to whisper, for verily, she is deaf, too. They call her Alma mater, yea, she has educated many men."

But verily at that moment there came the usual migration, and Nurses sorrowfully marched from Promade, weeping and gnashing their teeth as they howled their anthem, "Give Me Five Minutes More." But the Great Fac was wise, and knew that if these Damsels roamed late, their P.P.H.\* would surely drop. And the rules sayeth, "Whosoever letteth her P.P.H. down will receive a grevious cut in monthly salary." Wise indeed was the Great Fac.

But the Ides of Christmas were at hand, and Med, Engin and Nomad went down to the Ave of Jasp to purchase presents for their Co-ed. The Engin went shopping in the market Cell Kirk, and commenced worshipping the Great God. But overruled was that man, his glassage was small, for it has been written that his predecessors were forty-drink-men. And Med went unto the Mem, but verily to continue that tale would be sordid indeed. Nomad, however, being a conscientious warrior, went unto the Bay of Hud in order to procure gifts. And he said unto the salesgirl, "I'd like to buy some lingerie."—"What bust?"—"Nothing," he replied, "it just wore out." Thus was the spirit of the Tribe.

But over the land the ominous Tests of Term gathers. The wind bloweth cold. The Battle with the Great Fac is at hand and the Tribe prepared. But it has been written:

The moving finger writes,  
And having writ moves on.  
Nor all the piety nor wit  
Can lure it back  
To cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy tears  
Erase a word of it.  
Verily, Scribe is sore tried. From chilled hand the chisel falleth. The earth trembles . . .  
\*Pans per hour.

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# Literary Supplement



**O little town of Bethlehem,**  
**How still we see Thee lie;**

Still? No, Bethlehem is not still.  
Where once the beckoning star of the east led the three wise kings;  
Where once the Blessed Babe was born in simple humility;  
Where once the angels glorified the heaven before the awe-stricken shepherds—  
Insurrection reigns. Must this be so?

**Above Thy deep and dreamless sleep**  
**The silent stars go by:**

A dreamless sleep? But no, you must dream!  
Dream that Christ again is born;  
That again the angels grace your hills.  
Dream that once again He folds the earth in robes of peace,  
and then—  
Put away your disputes and accept the spirit of Christmas—  
Peace and Goodwill.

**Yet in Thy dark streets shineth**  
**The everlasting light:**

In thy dark streets; in the shining metropolis;  
In the barren wastes of the north; in the teeming jungles of the south;  
Everywhere the "Eternal light" shines forth.  
Sometimes, perhaps, it seems dimmer,  
But always it is there.  
Let us submit therefore, to its influence, so that  
Where there is darkness there may be light.

**The hope and fear of all the years**  
**Are met in Thee tonight.**

Beneath the banners of the United Nations Organization are assembled the nations of the world.  
Across ravaged Europe, starving Asia, and the Western Hemisphere,  
A new hope is springing into being;  
A hope that never again will the lights of civilization be darkened.  
This hope must, and will be realized, and we,  
Together with the Angels of Bethlehem will cry forth:  
"Peace on earth to men of goodwill."

**How silently, how silently,**  
**The wondrous gift is given!**

Like tiny winged fairies the snow flakes drift through the dark.  
A soft wind twists them into fantastic visions  
That whirl across the immaculate countryside.  
Within, the yule logs crackle;  
The Christmas tree; plum pudding; turkey;  
And Tiny Tim's "God bless us everyone."  
Christ is born.

**So God imparts to human hearts**  
**The blessing of His heaven.**

The voices of the children ring out with excitement,  
As feverishly they open the red and green parcels.  
Mellow Christmas carols float in the air.  
There is laughter; flickering candles; sparkling tinsel; gifts—  
"The blessings of His heaven."

**No ear may hear His coming,**  
**But in this world of sin,**

Silently the window opened,  
And silently the thief swung into the room.  
Crouching instinctively he turned on a small torch and crept towards the able.  
Suddenly the silence was broken,  
As a little piping voice cried: "Santa Claus!"  
The thief whirled about and flashed his light  
And there on the sofa, was a tiny boy with shining eyes.  
"Oh Santa," the boy went on, "did you bring me a train?"  
The thief faltered—his mind went back—  
He too had waited for Santa Claus—he too had—  
"No ear may hear . . ."

**Where meek souls will receive Him, still**  
**The dear Christ enters in.**

Intensely fervent the congregation stands.  
Softly the Christmas hymns echo through the gothic nave;  
—"Oh come let us adore Him"—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing"  
—"He Enters In."

**For Christ is born to Mary;**  
**And gathered all above,**

Man is a temperamental creature.  
He is wont to forget that life has beauty;  
That life is worthwhile.  
And so it is that another Christmas is at our door,  
To instill within each and every heart  
The joys of giving as well as receiving;  
And to remind us all that in life  
There can be happiness, and peace.

**While mortals sleep, the Angels keep**  
**Their watch of wond'ring love.**

"While mortals sleep—"  
Men of the world, your prolonged slumber  
Has been the cause of misery, of war, and of death.  
Man has never loved, nor never will love  
Anything he cannot encircle in his arms;  
And the cosmos is too big and bulky.  
That is why the Immense God became a Babe  
In order that we might take him in our arms.  
Take Him therefore, and the world will flourish under His guidance.

**O morning stars, together**  
**Proclaim His Holy Birth;**

Join with the morning stars, join with the Angels,  
Join with the Christmas spirit,  
And thus you too will proclaim His birth.  
And then, a new star will shine in the heavens,  
A star of peace, a star of plenty,  
A star of goodwill towards our fellow man.

**And praises sing to God the king,**  
**And peace to men on earth.**

Peace—  
The ringing of bells—  
The smoke curling from the chimneys—  
The crunch of footsteps on fresh fallen snow—  
Joy—laughter—good cheer—  
And a very merry Christmas to everybody.

A Short Story*Sammy*

FRANCIS O'HARA

The little house, built of blocks, toppled. Sammy, sitting on the floor, wistfully looked at the blocks strewn far and wide. Once more he started to build. Sylvia's eyes did not leave her newspaper. "The poor dear," she said, "he's been trying so hard to build a house."

I nodded my head and reclined comfortably on the sofa. My pipe tasted especially good. How very unusual that after the supper dishes were washed, we should be at home! A few months ago—or even a few days ago—in the early evening Sylvia would depart from the house to visit her friends or to go to some women's meeting, and I would spend the evening in my study figuring out bigger and better advertising schemes; or Sylvia and I would go to the theatre and a night-club on an evening such as this. Although the years were rapidly slipping by, we prided ourselves on keeping young.

This evening Sammy was only playing half-heartedly, but he was building a better house this time. Although his jaw was firmly set, his large brown eyes were slightly watery; they revealed puzzlement and unhappiness. Sylvia glanced at him and turned her head away quickly. "Doesn't he look just like Bill?" she whispered.

"He does. He's the image of him," I murmured. "Poor Bill; such a good scout. He was unfortunate, but . . . his troubles are over now."

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right." I noticed how she bit her lip. She was trying hard not to cry.

Everybody liked her brother Bill, but they thought him a failure in life because his little enterprises had not turned out so well. He was thought to be impractical; a dreamer who fervently searched for the "Good" in life; a dreamer who might provide more adequately for his wife and children. Many of his friends asked, "Why doesn't he sell his collection of books and make some money?" But the refreshing presence of Bill, whenever he ventured to the city, usually made Sylvia and myself temporarily forget our great concern for him. Perpetually buoyant and jovial, Bill was indeed good company—and it was only when many miles once more separated us from him, did I pause to consider how the lines on his face suggested sadness rather than happiness.

Whenever we had guests, as was our custom we would treat them to a gala evening. First we would go to an expensive restaurant, afterwards we would attend the theatre, and then off to a night-club. The first time Bill visited us, we decided to excel ourselves; we would treat him royally. How he surprised me and shocked Sylvia when at the close of the evening he did not thank us, but instead, thanked the night-club manager for supplying him with a very amusing evening. Bill then smiled at us with impish glee and chuckled delightedly.

Sammy was now smiling and chuckling. He had ceased playing with his blocks and gazed first at Sylvia, who returned his gaze, and then at me, as he slowly wound up the little toy truck, his prized possession. Perhaps this smile reminded Sylvia of Bill and our efforts to entertain him, for she laid aside her newspaper, and was now intently watching Sammy. As Sammy fondled his toy, I remembered how proudly and how often Bill refused all assistance, for he told me he had infinitely more than what I had to offer. I thought of the auto crash, his tragic appearance when he attended the funeral of his wife and two elder sons; I thought of his cousin, Evelyn, a pretty, lovable young woman, who during the funeral service was greatly concerned with her two irrepressible youngsters. We had wanted Bill to come and live with us, but he had refused. "If," he had said, "you want to make me happy, you can take care of my Sammy for a little while. I know you will be good to him." Sylvia was surprised. She said she didn't know anything about children; she couldn't make Sammy happy unless Bill would come too. However, Bill was firm, and a few days later I brought Sammy with his few clothes and one or two toys to our house. When on the following day, without warning, Bill sent me his entire library, complete with bookcases, Sylvia was alarmed. "I know something terrible is going to happen; I just know it. His library means everything to him." The note accompanying the books stated that they were in return for many favors, but this explanation failed to satisfy Sylvia. "My poor brother!" she gasped, as we sped down the veranda steps to the car. I drove as fast as I dared, but it takes time to travel fifty miles. We were too late. Bill was already dead.

The toy truck slithered its way into the dining room, scraped past the table leg and shot through the doorway into my study. Although we were watching Sammy, we could not have been more startled if the earth had opened up and swallowed our house. Toddling his way towards my study, Sammy was clapping his hands and bubbling over with mirth. "Really!" Sylvia exclaimed. "This is the first time he's shown a bit of life."

I knew Sylvia had been hard pressed to find something for Sammy to do during those few long days. She did not like to see Sammy mope in the house, when small children lived nearby, but despite her efforts Sammy was not interested in his playmates. I am sure she thought Sammy didn't like us, but she wouldn't have to bear the strain much longer. Because this prank lessened the tension somewhat, I was greatly relieved for her sake. "Come on,"

I suggested. "Let's go into the study and help Sammy find it." When I snapped on the desk lamp, the beam shone diagonally upwards to the shelves where I had been placing Bill's important-looking books. The light also shone upon my canary, crouching on the swinging perch near the top of its cage.

"Now, why did you move Dick into the corner while you were arranging those books?" Sylvia queried. "Sammy has never seen Dick all the time he has been here."

"We should have thought of this before," I whispered. "This is Dick." I needlessly explained to Sammy. Dick was wide awake, and with feathers tightly slicked against his body, he was ready for one of our "fights" in which he would peck my finger as often as he could. When I took Dick out of the cage and placed him on Sammy's finger, Sammy uttered a squeal of joy. "Dick bites," he cried as the bird pecked at his thumb. Then Sylvia brought a small bit of apple for Sammy to feed Dick, and Sammy watched his new-found treasure fly back to its cage with the piece of apple in its beak. Sammy scampered into the parlor and rounded up his blocks, his toys, and the remainder of his menageries, most of which Sylvia had begged from the neighbors. When he had laid all his possessions beneath the cage, Sammy promptly sat on the floor and looked up at the bird.

"It sings," Sylvia volunteered.

"I want to hear him."

"You will, Sammy, tommor——" Sylvia stopped abruptly. She hurriedly picked him up and carried him across the room and laid him on the couch, and covered him with a blanket. "It's way past your bedtime."

A strange note pushed its way into Sammy's voice. "This isn't my bed."

"I know. But don't worry your little head about that." She handed Sammy his teddy bear and whispered, "Here's Fuzzy. Just be a good little boy and go to sleep the way you are." Sylvia turned off the light, and we slipped out of the study.

When we returned to the parlor, Sylvia resumed her reading and I filled my pipe. "Well," I said, "it wasn't so bad after all, was it? The last hour passed very quickly."

"Yes, and to think that I dreaded this last evening." She noticed her wrist watch. "It's almost nine. They were supposed to come at eight."

"Oh, they'll be here any time now. Tomorrow we'll wake up and everything will be serene. Don't you think so?"

"Probably—or will everything be just the same as before?" Once again she focused her eyes on the paper. "Perhaps we've made a mistake."

Perhaps we did make a mistake. Although Sylvia knew very little about children, she did her best with Sammy for Bill's sake. But Bill's death had been a terrible blow. I had tried to believe that Bill would not escape from his trouble in that way until the doctor confirmed the cause of Bill's death—Bill knew his prescription should be taken in small quantities. Nor did Sammy alleviate our distress, for we felt uneasy whenever he was with us. Perhaps we had resented Sammy as an intruder. Home was no longer a home; that is, if you could call ours a home. We led a useless sort of life, but at least we had a good time. But now, we felt it our duty to stay at home evenings and care for Sammy, and there was nothing to do at home except watch him. Sylvia and I didn't want to play cards, nor did I desire to try the piano, for I had not played upon it for years. Bill had asked us to keep Sammy for a little while only, and perhaps we had been selfish, for Sammy had really caused us very little trouble; and he was friendly on this, his last evening with us.

Sylvia broke into my thoughts. "When Evelyn offered to take Sammy, I never thought of what Bill wanted, or of her two children—all I thought of was the way Sammy upset our lives." She clutched her handkerchief. "It's happened for the best, but I just can't help feeling Bill wanted Sammy to stay with us always."

The telephone rang. Sylvia hurried to answer it. "Hello . . . for heaven's sake!" She put her hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Evelyn, long-distance."

"What's that?"

"Oh! Don't be so slow. It's Evelyn . . . my cousin. Hello . . . I'm so sorry you couldn't come to town and pick up Sammy. . . . Well, that's all right. We'll keep him here a little longer . . . No, we don't mind . . . Do we like him? I should say we do! . . . Oh, no . . . I'd never think that you were the least bit selfish in wanting him . . . He's such a lovely child . . . Yes, I know we have no children . . . But . . . You don't say? . . . It's a wonder I never thought of that. I guess he was a bit homesick at that. Pardon? . . . You want to know when we will drive him down?" She looked at me. I made a feeble gesture with my hands. "Our car isn't running very well lately either. My husband says that we might be able to go next week-end—but expect us when you see us . . . Evelyn, there's something very important I wish to say to you. I'll write you tomorrow . . . Goodbye now."

"I have a new car and it's in perfect running order. The engine purrs like——"

"Must you be so stubborn? Go and get Sammy's coat and rubbers. I'll put them away. He won't be needing them tonight."

I went into the hall to fetch the coat, and there I remembered the little note Bill sent me when his books arrived. I stopped, took it out of my pocket and read it once more:

"I have appreciated your hospitality and your gifts. In return, please accept this one and use it well.—Bill."

I turned the paper over and read what was on the other side:

"Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Good old Bill! It might have been easier for Sylvia to understand if she had read the other side, but in her haste she had not done so. I crushed the slip of paper in my hand. There was really no need for it now that Sylvia knew its message.

Christmas was near, very near. Already, as I was walking towards the kitchen, I could hear the bells and I could see our Christmas tree, the first we would ever have, standing in all its splendor, with its gaily colored tinsels and twinkling lights. I could hear Sylvia's gay laughter and Sammy's cries of delight when he sees the little puppy which is to be his very own.

Besides, I always did want a home.

*From Ages Past*

## FROM "THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS"

The mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner, and the sun to shine; and as I went on through the bracing air, seeing the hoar-frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday.

Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall, I came to the village, and the churchyard where the dead had been quietly buried, "in the sure and certain hope" which Christmas-time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them! No garden that I passed was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden and that "she, supposing him to be the gardener," had said, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." In time, the distant river with the ships came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen, mending their nets, who arose and followed him—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore by reason of the multitude—of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of the night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for did not the people lay there sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen him might fall as they passed along?

Thus Christmas begirt me, far and near.

—By Charles Dickens.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And though how, as the day had come,  
The bellries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singin, on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;  
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep;  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

*Christmas Eve*

In that solemn, silent hour  
When earth is blind tonight,  
That diamond-studded raven  
That is called the night  
Steals softly heavenward  
And magnifies its might.

Crystal snow is blanketing  
The icy morphean earth,  
Kindling restless hearts of men,  
With its quiet mirth,  
Echo of that holy night:  
Salvation's joyous birth.

Hark! the bells ring out their praise,  
Angels sing on high;  
Choirs burst triumphantly,  
Sweet fulfillment nigh;  
And with mellow harmony  
Heav'n and earth reply.

Candles faintly flickering,  
Music fills the sky;  
"Gloria in excelsis!"  
Sweet fulfillment nigh;  
"Gloria in excelsis!"  
Heav'n and earth reply.

—NOREEN McCULLOUGH.

## A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

O wear the garment mirth  
Upon the soul,  
As all the fields of earth  
Wear one white stole!  
A dream of things long gone  
Let sorrow be:  
Turn thou thine eyes on dawn,  
Thy heart on glee!  
What wonder everywhere  
Above, abroad!  
The amplitudes of air  
Arim with God.  
His presence shining through  
The risen sun,  
And in the bending blue  
His benison.  
Into the gulfs of gloom  
Go death and night;  
Behold around thee bloom  
Glad life and light!  
The veil of darkness drawn,  
The vision free,  
Turn thou thy soul on dawn,  
Exultingly!

—Clinton Scollard.

## NIGHT-PEACE

When it was midnight I walked out, and strolled in the woods. . . . I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first, I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered that it was an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me; however, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. "Me watch to see the deer kneel," replied he. "This is Christmas night, and all the deer will fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up." The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe.

—John Howison, Sketches of Upper Canada (1821).

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

John Milton

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,  
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team un-trod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!  
Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touched with hallow-ed fire.

A Short Story

## Nightmare Before Xmas

Christmas is coming. And, in direct contrast to the way one **ought** to feel at this season, I find life very complicated, a thing of pressures and buffets, both mental and physical. Christmas shopping has become a matter to be approached by a series of short rushes and immediate retreats, much as a terrier approaches a cornered cat. Like this hypothetical terrier, I find myself making a good deal of noise over the whole thing. And, like the hypothetical cat, the shopping problem continues to be offensive in the extreme, prickly, provocative, and productive of all kinds of irritation.

There are, they say, those who do their Christmas shopping all the year around. They knit a pair of diamond socks every month; they buy expensive cosmetics at the 2-for-1 sales at the drug counters; they craftily question their friends and relations as to wants and needs. And, by December 15 at the latest, they have a goodly store of gifts waiting on the top shelf of their clothes closet to be wrapped and mailed. I am not one of this number; I don't know anyone who is.

But I do start my Christmas shopping around the end of October. Two months ought to enable anyone to purchase a moderate number of gifts. But it has not—and time grows short. Santa Claus is conducting his seasonal Insanity Fair in at least four places simultaneously downtown at this instant. Enlarged to nightmare proportions, he will doubtless be found in several windows, leering at the passers-by, twitching horribly in a mechanical St. Vitus dance, and uttering demoniac peals of laughter.

One reason for the difficulty of Christmas shopping is, I feel, the state of mind induced by advertisements. These writers of advertisements live in a world of their own, remote from real life. It is a world moulded by Fashion (in one of her many moments of mental aberration), dictated to by manufacturers with a surplus (or a scarcity) of goods, and lighted erratically by neon light signs.

The only people who can possibly live in this world without serious and continued frustration are those impossibly elegant creatures inhabiting the plate glass windows of stores. Theirs, and theirs alone, is the world of advertisement. Clothes always hang perfectly upon their plaster-of-Paris limbs; dust never settles upon the glittering appointments of their flawless settings; that jade-green woolly dog lying on the fur rug at the feet of that languid lady with the metallic hair never has to be taken out for a run at ten o'clock at night when it is snowing.

But advertising writers should sometimes stop and think. They know no moderation; nothing curbs the exuberance of their language. One moment they speak in an infantile prattle, drawing inspiration from Mother Goose:

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Her life is led at youth's quick pace.  
She thanks her stars that **Seamprufe** means  
No slipping straps, no bursting seams."

A few lines further on, they are drawing from science: persuading the unwary shopper to try "ultra-violet" in face powder, or some "atomic marvel" in something else.

Suppose it is a question of a gift for a man. The local advertisers claim to be able to tell us just what he wants. Ten minutes research proves, according to these advertisements, that all the men in Alberta are going to be heavily scented after Christmas. For men's toiletries of one kind and another are the most abundant of all gifts available for men. And the advertisements are going all out to persuade the public.

"The manly thing to do" screams one ad in inch-high letters. Investigation reveals that the manly thing to do (in common with such heroes of the past as King David, Richard the Lion-Hearted, George Washington, and General Grant) is to perfume oneself. The preparation advertised is described as "the greatest discovery since the bath . . . it imparts a magnificent he-man odor . . ." One wonders if the manufacturers intend it to **replace** the bath in these days of shortages of plumbing fixtures?

Reading down to find out what a "magnificent he-man" should smell like, one finds the following list of scents:

(1) **Tumbleweed.** Could anything prove more clearly that writers of advertising, and the people who devise these names, live in another world than ours? Anyone who has ever come in contact with tumbleweed associates it with dust storms on the prairie, and sand-fleas.

(2) **Boots and Saddle.** A choice here apparently between the smell of leather and that of horse. Oh, well.

(3) **Field and Stream.** This one causes me to think of cattle and fish. But then, I cannot myself find the golden key, the "Open Sesame" to admit me to that world wherein these romantics dwell. My mind isn't really on it, I will admit. But I would like to find a suitable Christmas gift for a man.

Long observation of the habits of my father, a hot-tempered man, indicates that a set of men's toiletries in **tumbleweed** would irrevocably rupture our family relations. After all, he has farmed for thirty years in Southern Alberta . . .

One might think that such a gift would be better suited to a young brother. Yet intimate knowledge of my brother leads me to conclude that his reception of such a gift would be cool—polite, yes, but not enthusiastic. His favorite odor just now seems to be that of gasoline, with perhaps a soupçon of engine grease behind

the ears, varied occasionally by a whiff of wet dog after a day's shooting, or maybe a faint fragrance of the latest chemical experiment at school. Possibly, at his present age of sixteen, he lacks discrimination in such matters. But I don't know that a taste of **Boots and Saddle** would render his everyday life any happier.

Up to the day before yesterday, I felt that a book was an ideal Christmas gift. But since then, I am dubious. Imagine a genuine book-lover settling down before the fire with a dish of nuts and raisins, expecting an hour of good reading, opening the covers of a book just received in gay seasonal wrappings, and finding: "A novel beauty box in Book cover, containing Elizabeth Arden's Essentials to Loveliness, \$7.50."

Few of us would survive the shock. Yet the advertising campaign of the last few weeks has doubtless sold great numbers of this thing.

But there appears to be one avenue of escape for the harassed shopper. And, believe it or not, the advertising writers can lead him to it, provided he has no silly ideas about originality in gift-giving. The solution is handkerchiefs . . . one handkerchief or a dozen for every member of the family. Nobody tries to sell you a handkerchief that looks like anything else, or bears a perpetual odor of mignonette. And there are plenty of handkerchiefs in town—according to half-page spreads in the paper.

Let's go shopping!

## A Christmas Lullaby

Dear little son,  
'Tis half-past one,  
Wrapped in your flannelette;  
There's no time for fun,  
Playtime is done,  
Crawl in your bassinette.

Darling, sleep tight  
And late in the night  
Santa will come with his toys;  
Peppermint poles,  
Raspberry rolls,  
And games for the good little boys.

A miniature car,  
And a big shiny star,  
He will leave in your sock by the fire;  
A soft teddy bear  
And a dolly with hair  
You can tear to your heart's desire.

The jolly old fellow  
Will stop by your pillow  
To see that you're sound asleep;  
Then off in his sleigh  
He will be on his way,  
And his jingle-belled reindeers will leap.

So dear little guy,  
Go beddy-bye,  
While the white-whiskered Santa speeds near,  
May a tinsel ball gleam  
In your bright baby dream,  
And may God bless you always, my dear.

—NOREEN McCULLOUGH.

## A General First Class From Santa

Mr. Ryan, of the English Department, tells the story of an English student who relied wholly on the spirit of the new-born Christ in order to pass his Christmas examination in English. Apparently he handed in his exam paper with only, "God knows, I don't. Merry Christmas," printed in large letters. However, he must have suffered some disillusionment, for on his paper, when he got it back, was: "God gets a hundred; you get zero. Happy New Year."

## Winter

Sing a song of winter;  
Long, cold nights,  
Silver moon shining,  
Star studded lights.

Sing a song of icicles,  
Still, frozen cheeks,  
White roofs, white trees,  
Rosy cheeks.

Sing a song of skating,  
Cold numb toes,  
High sifted snowdrifts,  
Red nose.

Sing a song of sleighbells  
On a wintry night,  
Feathery, sparkling snow flakes  
In the lamplight.

Sing a song of laughter  
By an open fire,  
Eating nuts and apples  
To our heart's desire.

Sing a song of Santa Claus  
Coming once again,  
Children's eager faces pressed  
Against the window pane.

Hear the harmony in winter  
Wherever you go—  
Dark green pine trees bending low,  
Hung with scintillating snow;  
When trees—where hoary stars  
So lightly cling.  
Stand patiently, like empty glasses  
Awaiting the first warm wine of early spring.

—BOYNE JOHNSTON.

A Short Story

## Christmas Spirit

DES HILL

tors were confronting a face even more blank than on days heretofore.

Yes, that old guy in the dream did have some sort of a case, but why ponder over dream statements, when the facts of life were so overwhelmingly against them. With this thought, the skeptic snuggled up in an easy chair and poured himself a good stiff "snort" from a bottle of whiskey that his father had hoped to save until Christmas.

"This is the real Christmas spirit," he mused. "Real tangible spirit that comes in bottles and not in dreams."

It was warm and stuffy in the room and very conducive to repose, and the lone occupant made no effort to combat conditions. In almost no time at all the walls blurred for a moment and reassembled into two buildings, one a huge edifice, the other a trifling place set alongside. The student found himself viewing them from across a street, along which sad dejected batches of people were being escorted by cruel visaged guards armed with various lethal weapons. Each batch was marched to the large building, halted, and at intervals led indoors. Passers-by occasionally moved near the visitor, but looked not to right or left; neither did they speak. However, one person noticed the visitor gaping at the buildings and people, and came up to him.

"You are the stranger from 1946, no doubt. How do you like the future?"

"The future! Say, where am I?"

"This is December 25 in the tenth year of the revolution."

"December 25—that's Christmas day; what's happening around here?"

"I warn you, stranger, don't use that term; it is December 25. There is no place for sentiment in this era, no place for Christian feast days on our calendar, no place in our world for those who sin, by thought, word or deed against the State, Absolute and Almighty."

"Say, you guys are carrying this too far. But tell me, what goes on here, these people and those buildings across the street?"

"The people you see are prisoners awaiting trial in our magnificent court house used exclusively for trying those guilty of crimes against the state. One cannot afford to be politically unreliable here. However, don't worry, all these unfortunates will be given a fair trial, found guilty and then sent to work in the mines; due to the labor shortage, we haven't been shooting them lately."

"Well, that's decent of you. But what's the little shanty next to the big job?"

"Oh, that. That's the old court house. We still use it for minor offenses such as murder and felony. We used to send perjury cases there, but our philosophers have proven that dishonesty is really no crime, in fact, one can't adequately hate his fellow man unless he is dishonest; and as you know, we have to have class hatred, unending strife, undying enmity for our enemies, be they real, or potential, or the dynamics of our economy become static."

"Do you really hate as you say, or is that just a pose? I can't imagine anyone wanting to be so unnatural."

"Why shouldn't I be a good hater? I hated the day I was born, I hated the day I was snatched from my family, since I belonged to the State and no one else. I hated as my teachers bade me hate, and I was an honors student. I shall always hate, as that is my lot in life. I even hate you, stranger, because you don't seem to appreciate my capacity for hatred. Why didn't you remain in your own time and not come here causing dissatisfaction among our workers?"

"But I only find myself here. I can't help being here, and I don't know how to get back to 1946."

"That is unfortunate. I fear you won't make a good citizen of our time; you are too lukewarm in your attitude toward our regime, too much obsessed with Christian ideas of justice, peace and charity, even though you outwardly scoff at them; in fact, you are a menace, and must be purged."

Our student turned and fled, but in every direction he saw soldiers with bayonets coming towards him. Panic seized him; he twisted and turned, screamed and swore, but the gleaming blades converged upon him. He froze with fear and awaited the final impact . . .

"How did I get down here on the floor?" he muttered. "Oh, gosh, I've spilled the old man's liquor all over Mom's cushion. Oh, yes, it was that dream, that nightmare I just had. Holy Pete, what an awful mess!"

He reseated himself in the chair, after a fashion, propped his chin on his two hands, and surveyed things in general. Yes, perhaps he was a bit lukewarm in his attitude toward things. Maybe one had to be positive one way or the other. But after that experience in the future, the thought of going whole hog, of even abolishing Christmas, horrified him. Besides, that was really a negative outlook on life—a negation of everything we look on now as civilized. To be positive the other way might be very nice; but, he concluded with a sigh, it needed effort, regard for our neighbor's welfare, a bit of personal humility and a spirit of Christian charity.

His eyes wandered to the whiskey bottle, and he began to wonder if the spirit therein was in any way related to the spirit of Christmas. It was hard to find a relation, but he did notice one similarity. Christian charity had become very dilute over a handful of centuries, and perhaps it was not surprising that the government should water down the "Xmas Cheer" to keep some sort of parity. Perhaps we'd be a lot better off if both kinds of spirit were redistilled.

## Italy, 1944

It was two days before Christmas, 1944; just the time when everyone was thinking of other Christmases they had spent at home, and kind of wishing that they were home. We weren't exactly looking forward to the twenty-fifth with any degree of excitement, because we didn't expect that there would be much that could replace the Canadian Christmas, with its Christmas trees, bells, decorations and carols. Nevertheless, we were determined to make the best of the situation. Some of the more ambitious had taken rationed toilet paper and the tinfoil out of condensers, which, when woven together and cut into appropriate patterns, made a rather poor substitute for the red and green streamers of home. These had been strung along the rafters of our hall in an almost futile effort at introducing the Christmas feeling. However, the decorations were only secondary, because the cooks had received turkey, pudding, extra beer, candy, nuts and cigarettes from the stores. These extras would certainly be a relief from our usual diet of bully beef, which had been ours since last Christmas.

While still comparing the prospects of our celebration with other celebrations, I was suddenly roused from my reverie. Knobby, our M.T. corporal, burst into the room, angrily waving a handful of bills.

"Those \_\_\_\_\_ at Wing have just sent word that we have to go to Naples to pick up some gear immediately. Its technical stuff, and the C.O. says that you have to come along. If we can start right now, we might be able to make it back here in time for the Christmas 'do,' so get crackin', will you?"

Half-an-hour later we nosed our fifteen hundredweight onto the highway. It was a beautiful day, and the Italian countryside around Leghorn was sparkling in the sunshine. After weeks of incessant rain and bitter cold nights, the weather had finally broken. To our right, I could see that the Mediterranean had beat out the last remnants of its anger on the rocks, and it, too, realizing that the Christmas season was nearly upon us, had donned the robes of peace. Calm sea and blue sky melted into the horizon. To our left, craggy hills with a brave show of green rose majestically heavenward, and on the shelves where they met the sea, battle-scarred villages lay nestled, in a mock tone of peace.

As we rounded a curve, the lifelessness of the countryside was broken by an elderly couple walking along the roadway. They had a certain spring in their gait, which was unusual among the older Italians who had been swept northward with the retreating Germans. Even at the distance, they did not look like the general run of refugees who were walking the highways to the homes they had left months before. Something set them apart. Perhaps it was the suitcases which they carried instead of the usual bundles; perhaps it was the dignity with which they carried themselves; or perhaps it was the old man's beard, which gave him a resemblance to an old Kentucky colonel. At any rate, they seemed so different that I was impressed.

"What do you say, Knobby—shall we pick them up?" I asked. For a second his foot relaxed on the accelerator, but with an "Oh, hell, they're just Ities," we picked up again, and shot past. It didn't seem quite right that we should leave them, but regulations specified that civilians were not to be given rides. Of course, we had often broken these rules to accommodate others, especially if they were young and female, but nevertheless this served as a legitimate excuse. As a matter of fact, we had to stop a few miles farther anyway, to tie down one of the ropes which had come loose.

Christmas morning found us in high spirits. We had made a quick trip, and we now had plenty of time to get back for the big turkey dinner. In fact, when we pulled into San Vincenzo, which was only thirty miles from home, we had an hour to spare, so we decided to go into the little winery for a drink, and also for a bottle of wine which we intended to take with us.

The place was empty, save for a solitary figure in the far corner of the room. He glanced up as we sat down, and imagine my surprise when I recognized him as the old man we had passed on the road two days previously. As we waited for the proprietor to bring us wine, I wished the old gentleman "Bonne Natale," two words we had picked up the day before in Rome.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he replied in English which was far superior to our Italian, "but this won't be a very merry day for me." It was indeed surprising to find an Italian who could speak our language, broken as it was, so it was only natural for us to go over to his table. We told him that we could well understand how the war must have ruined his Christmases, and we expressed our sympathies.

"It is not the war," he replied, "but the many heartless people among us who forget the little humanities of life."

His voice broke, and his eyes filled with tears, as he told us how he and his wife had left Leghorn two days before, hoping to reach their old home in Gragnano for Christmas. While on the highway a military vehicle had passed them going at a great speed. They had stood on the edge of the road, but as it passed, one of the ropes which held the canvas down had whipped out towards them. His wife, jumping back in alarm, had tripped and fallen headlong among the rocks on the embankment, and broken her arm. She was now with some nuns in a nearby convent, and he was alone and friendless in San Vincenzo. A wave of guilt swept over me, for we had passed through Gragnano, and it would have been such a small gesture on our part to have taken them that far. Furthermore, I remembered our loose rope. This unexpected turn of the conversation made us feel quite uneasy in the

## STRANGE CHRISTMASES



Christmas Day in Africa

## North Atlantic, 1943

The murky half-light of an Arctic winter day was being overcome by the intense darkness which shrouds this area for twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours. Nor was there an extra ration of light, even though it was December 25, 1943. So in darkness, like burrowing animals, one thousand Canadians in three destroyers—Haida, Huron and Iroquois—spent a Christmas. There could be no relaxation of routine, for only ten miles astern followed cargo ships, heavily laden with war material en route to a comrade at arms. Royal Navy destroyers and cruisers flanked either side of the great convoy, and in the stern followed the gigantic Royal Navy battleship, H.M.S. Duke of York.

Christmas day found this great armada well within the Arctic circle. The most dangerous day of the journey lay ahead, and while Christmas Day was being observed in Canada, the gauntlet of enemy bases would be run. Men strained their eyes in an attempt to penetrate the darkness; they listened, but the only sounds reaching the ear were the muffled sound of the turbines in the engine room, and the occasional wave leaping up on deck as it became loosed from the granite sea.

Hour after hour passed; how many was of little importance to men who had become so thoroughly used to waiting—waiting for "time" to be called in this great "game of war."

But then the nerve splitting ring of the action bell filled the atmosphere. The enemy battleship Scharnhorst was twelve miles off the port side. A minute's adjustment to the new situation followed, and then missiles of death streaked through the darkness from either challenger to the unseen foe.

The destroyer force was ordered to a new position to cut off the possible retreat of the enemy. Cruisers carried on a defensive battle until the Commander-in-Chief on the Duke of York could bring his weight of arms into the conflict.

It was not long, however, until the Scharnhorst discovered the precariousness of her position and attempted a retreat. In the running battle which ensued, both sides had damage inflicted upon them. H.M.S. Norfolk was put out of action, and the enemy gained a temporary advantage in which she was able to shadow her pursuers.

By 4:00 p.m., December 26, the Scharnhorst, deserted by her destroyer escort, arrived at a point one hundred miles from her base on the Scandinavian coast. She was probably congratulating herself on at least a moral victory. What she could not have anticipated, however, was another rendezvous; this time with the mighty guns of H.M.S. Duke of York.

A salvo from each of the ten great guns of the flagship pierced the enemy, inflicting injury too great for her to bear. The mighty Scharnhorst lay prostrate and bleeding on an angry sea. Two allied destroyers made a quick torpedo attack on the dying hulk, tearing the last vestige of life from her. Thirteen hundred men were carried to an icy Christmas grave, and only thirty-three of the enemy remained to tell the tale.

Darkness shrouded the sea, and the accustomed silence returned. A Christmas characterized by suffering and death was over. Where was the "Peace on earth, good will to men"?

old man's presence, so we excused ourselves and started in the last lap home.

The rest of our journey was passed in silence. Both of us felt guilty of a crime we hadn't actually committed. Still, how easy it would have been for us to have helped the old couple on their way. But no; where we could have given happiness, we left only sorrow. As we turned off the highway, Knobby turned to me and sarcastically said: "Well, it's been a Merry Christmas." I answered dryly in the affirmative. The big celebration was not quite to our taste, and we left the dinner early to go to our bunks—to sit and to stare.

## Africa, 1942

My Christmas on the African Gold Coast almost seems like a dream. It was undoubtedly the strangest Christmas I have ever spent. I remember how I awoke at about four in the morning. I lay still and listened to the monkeys serenading the new day. One rarely saw them during the day time, but in the night, and especially at dawn, they would gather close to the sleeping camp, and wake up with their raucous clamor.

The first grey light of dawn was stealing through the small windows of the Nissen hut, throwing a weird light on the white mosquito nets hanging like big white bells over each cot. They looked for all the world like a little forest of snow-covered pines. Overhead the three-bladed fans swished softly as it cut through the heavy air. Already the atmosphere was beginning to feel very clammy; it would be ninety degrees before another hour had passed.

Christmas morning! Warily I climbed from under my net, and went over to the window. A pang of loneliness swept over me, for there, across forty miles of teeming jungle and swamp, was Freetown, and then, across two thousand miles of water was Canada. Another three thousand miles away was a little house on the barren prairies. The kiddies would be skipping down the stairs in their bare feet to see what Santa had left under the shining Christmas tree. It seemed only yesterday that I had skipped down the stairs, and squealed with delight as each new wonder was exposed from under the tree. It used to be cold with temperatures much below zero, but who cared? A large fire roared in the fireplace, and everything was warmth and cheer. Large feathered flakes floated down, and the earth lay under a limitless blanket of white. I remembered going to church on Christmas mornings, when I used to wander through the snow banks, and dream that it was the fairies that frosted every tree and made each and every branch glisten in the sunlight.

But the reality of the jungle scene soon shattered my reverie. The sun had risen over the edge of the swamp and a red glow crept into the room. Oscar, our pet lizard, crept noisily up the screen door. Here and there a low groan could be heard as restless sleepers, conscious of the heat and the light, began to stir. Perhaps they, like me, were being disturbed by thoughts of home.

The soft pad-pad of bare feet announced the arrival of our dhoobi-boys. The shiny black face of Moses, my own boy, appeared in the doorway. He had come in early to wish us a "Merry Kismus"—two words that he had been diligently memorizing for the past few days. Nets were thrown back, and shouts of "Merry Christmas" prevailed.

Merry Christmas! It sounded rather incongruous. There was nothing particularly merry about it, and as I looked again at the steaming jungle, it certainly didn't seem like Christmas. Could there be a Christmas on the dismal African Gold Coast?

I soon realized that it was not the environment but the people that made Christmas, for those persons who were wont to gripe habitually from day to day were wearing smiles, and the whole room was a hubbub of "What did Santa bring you?" and "Will you wait up for me, and I'll go to church with you as soon as I find my overshoes." Funny how all thoughts once more drifted homewards.

However, this was just another day as far as the service was concerned. Regular routine would be gone through, and our party couldn't be held until evening. Not only did it fit into the service schedule, but it was also against standing orders to drink anything stronger than water between sunrise and sundown.

The day passed quickly, however, and with evening, everyone sort of gave his hair an extra lick and a promise before going to the mess. The mess boys were wearing white shorts for the occasion, instead of their regular khaki shorts, and their faces were wreathed in big white smiles as they feasted their eyes on the candle-lit table that they had helped spread for their "Massahs".

What a feast was spread before us on the well scrubbed tables. There were oranges and bananas from nearby groves, and a cake that our cook had taken the pains to make. But the greatest treat of all was a little can of turkey, and each man got a taste. Beside each plate stood an amber-colored bottle of "Red Carling's." The cooks had done themselves proud, and the C.O., as the head waiter, didn't sit down to his meal until the last "second" had been served to the "guests".

How could a Christmas feast end without a carol or two? Soon the old favorites, "Holy Night, Silent Night" and "Come All Ye Faithful" echoed over the jungle. What did it matter that this was Africa and not Canada, and the doorstep was covered with sand and not snow; and that we had to break up early because tomorrow was just another day and the war could not wait?

However, that Christmas is in the past, and lives only in my memory. I often wonder what happened to the gang who were with me? I suppose that they, too, are spending joyous Canadian Christmases, and for those who didn't come back, I join with the poet and say, "God rest you, merry gentlemen."

Ex-Servicemen . . . two thousand of them . . . now attending University . . . They are glad to be home . . . yes, Christmas at home . . . but they have memories . . . memories of Christmases spent in Africa . . . in Italy . . . in England . . . in Sicily . . . on the continent, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland . . . in the Far East, India, Burma . . . even "down under" in Australia, New Zealand.

These stories of Strange Christmases will revive memories of other days . . .